## FILLI Herald. News

## WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885.

My Mother's Wrinkled Face. (Deflected to a dear, old mother.)

Me mather's old face, it is writitled and wan, And the blemme flishe uty has field. As sett but the leaf that clause to the tree, When its bless ans are withered and dead; Duntile level to Thumes the scars of the Venr.

Under the distribution of light,
Is true as seed of fact follows the sun.
To brighter the dust of the night!

The love of the rand, and shine as the wing.
Of the latterfler inplier the flower.
To raish away when the honey is dry,
And the win act is nectar is sour;
But the love that is shrined in motherhood's

heart. Anows notleger of death or decay. As the gold that "Planes when the clods of the se trample to takes and clay.

≤g mother's old face. It is wrinkled and wan, Put what with its worth can compare?
Or rival the leve in addag and true,
In its setting of weighte and care; And droce in the drifts of the snow; In the gardens of God will blossem again, The rose that was gathered below.

"red Woodrow, Des Moines, December, 1884. ANA VS. FALSEHOOD.

It is true. Helene. God knows I would spare you the pala, if in any way, with honor, I could do so. Child, your father loved me and left you to my care. Can I see you wronged, and stand silently by? You come of a proud race, and simple and gentle as I know you to be, I know also the Carleton pride lies

dormant within you."
Halbert Astor had spoken the truth, and Helene Carleton felt he had done so. She was proud, not with arrogance or hauteur, but with a sweet, grave, womanly pride, a pride that lay buried beneath an almost childish simplicity

of manner. She was very lovely, this blue-eyed girl, who stood Estening with paling face to the story of her lover's falseness the story told by this man who loved

Her thoughts strayed back now to the evening he had told her his lovethe day he had pleaded as a man might plead for life itself, and she had answeed him gravely, gently, but decidedly, "No." Her heart was another's, she had below ledged to his passionate

She raised her eyes to his face now, and he felt his heart grow cold at the look of pain in their shadowy depths. Ah, Henven, what would be not give to be loved as Glendon Withers was loved by this girl, whom out of all the

vorm in soul coveteil! the was, with her wavy hair san like-fair complexion, a rose-pink on the softly-How le rounded cheeks, with her carving mouth so ripe and red, lier dimpled chin and

slender girlish form, her stately little head set so gracefully on her rounded She remembered his love-story and passionate pleading, but it was no

warning to a nature so pure and true as If he loved her, he would save her pain-it would make him more careful of wounding her unnecessarily.

The story he told her was this: that her lover—her promised husband—was oked upon as the suiter of another. He read her a quotation from a letter in which Glendon was spoken of. Perfeetly unwitting was the water, however, of the da age his idle pen would

with Glendon, but not, however, in the same house; fate had not favored bim so far, but had located Glendon in the home of a girl as benutiful as ever was

And Glendon was infatuated—her smiles dazzled him. The light of her eyes was his heaven.
At least, such was his friend's judg-

ment on the effect of Leonetta's beauty on Glendon Withers. How near he was right, how far he

was wrong, we like decide ourselves if we saw Line eta liceditie and Glen-den to elect out to co that we must erossi a cantalled Gender's abroad in the gape todall by a testine queen of mose a d mar. The city of light and laughter and sparding champagne well-beloved the s.

We cross the water and see them to-

gether, and what is our decision? We can come to none.

Leonetta is benefiful, with a brilliant

dark beauty of the Spanish type. Her foremend is low and broad, her nose short and straight, her mouth curved and displed; her eyes magnificent, deep as wells, and dark as night -now slumbering in quiet dreamy beauty, then finshing with passion or

glowing with delight. She is about twenty-certainly no more; but her form has every curve and

graes of perfect womanhood.

But fate, prolific in all gifts where beauty of face and form was concerned, had not otherwise been kind to this girl, with her passionate soul that longed for wealth and amusement, and the homage her beauty would bring her had she been placed in a position worthy

But Provi le ce had placed her life in a very narrow groove, and her soul rebelled against it.

But now she met this handsome young Englishman, with his frank grey eyes, his broad white brow and cheery smile. and-Well, to do her justice, she loved him; but had she not, still she would have exercised every power to win him. for the wealth and position she had learned he possessed.

Men are not very strong at best, and Leonetta was more than passing fair, and to a certain extent he yielded to the pleasure of her dark and subtle

Not, however, that he was false to Helene; that was something he never dreamed of; but he would take the good the gods sent him, and enjoy the glamor of Leonetta's dark beauty.

And then—then, in the very midst of

a more than fool's paradise, a letter a moment, a swift repentance for the

moments he had basked in the light of Leonetta's eyes filling his soul, along with the dec sion to tell the dark-eyed beauty of his engagement. Alas! alas! he had not that story to

tell her after the letter was opened, for his face actually blanched when he Opened it to read the words:

They carried him into the house, and "I give you back your freedom. I wish

no explanation, as I can give none. "HEI ENE CARLETON." He then opened a small scaled parcel that had come with the letter. His ring, and every present he had ever given Helene Carleton, lay glittering be-

After all, with all her weakness, woman is w ser than man, for she seldom he meant to save the honor of his dashes into an act of madness without | name. waiting to suffer awhile; but man-well, Glendon Withers was a pretty good ex- a man, dark-eyed and pale-faced. for what he did was this: asked Leonetta Meredith to marry him, and cursed

ample of what a man mad for a moment with pain and humiliation will do. most senseless. limeself an hour-later for his folly. woman is guilty of crime. But the die was cast. In houor he "His wife-his wife!" ran from one to could not retreat, and one quiet day he

made Leonetta his wife-made her his | the other. wife on the very day that Helene Carleton knelt below the low window-sill of her room, trying to decide would she believe her lover true or false. "I will trust him," she said softly;

"what is love without faith?" And so she trusted him; and at the same moment his arms encircled another whose head lay on his bosom, and who bore to him the most sacred of titles-his wife. Yes, Leonetta was his wife. She had

reached the cowning-point of her ambition, and-was she satisfied? No-most certainly.

A mad passionate love tilled her breast-a love that refused her rest or peace. A fiery flame that seemed to consume her very being. She realised the truth with clear dis-

cerning eyes. She was an unloved wife, neither more nor less, and the thought was maddening.
She had dreamed that wealth, and position, and gratified ambition would

till her heart, but once obtained, they turned to ashes in her bosom-a Dead Sea fruit that held but bitterness to the

"Love, love; give me his love!" her soul cried night and day: "to obtain that, I would barter soul and body." Once she came on a pictured face among her husband's treasures. A fair young face, calm and screne, the low whit brow shaded by silken curls, the sweet sensitive mouth slightly apart with a smile.

And then this woman, who for years had believed love but a second or third | their love was deeper and purer for accessory of life, if even that, indeed, had found it the one thing most to be

desired on earth. Day by day her passionate love for her husba d increased, kept burning to a feverish flame by the knowledge of now far she was from reigning in his

Not that willingly, by word or deed, lid Glendon Withers give sign of the terrible truth of the knowledge of his awakening from the passion of temper that had conquered his reason for a

Under the spell of her dark eyes, under the subtle wooing of her manner, missal, he had yielded to passion's imtuition was far from worthy to till the was cold enough sometimes to freeze place Helene had once promised to the horns off of a brass monkey.

The past was 'past, however. The words spoken could never be recalled. for it. An overcoat! Why, a boy in For good or ill, for better or worse, an overcoat would have astonished the Leonetta was his wife.

which her husband had taken her.

shadows before. Even then, down in the shrubbery below where she sat, a pair of dark fierce eves were watching her with an expression not good to see. "I will await my time," the man mur-

mured: "in the height of her triumph I will humble her in the dust. A brilliant ballroom, the mirth at its

reight, dancing and music, mirth and aughter, the order of the night. The grounds around the mansion ablaze as well, and nothing that money could procure left lacking to add beau-

ty to the scene. And one of the fairest maidens there was blue-eyed Helene Carleton, robed in ivory-colored satin, her soft gold curls clustering around her dainty head. her soft white throat clasped with creamy pearls, while a few priceless ones clustered above her-brow.

And below in the lower corridor, two men faced each other, pale-faced and stern, while the bride of one of them of swell society gentlemen, who had impatiently awaited her husband's coming in the ante-room.

The men were Glendon Withers and the former fistened, while Helene's guardian told him-what? Simply this: That Helene knew noth-

loved-nay, did love and trust him still, and knew nothing of his marriage with Leonetta.

"You must break the news yourself."

What answer Glendon would have made was never known, for this instant, flushed and pearl-crowned, a smile on her lips. Helene came up the corridor plished. As the third trial was about leaning on her escort's arm.

The next moment, forgetting all else. Glendon was holding her han is in his. Only for a moment-the next he remembered all. He must tell his sensitive blue-eved girl, whom he loved with all his heart, that in a moment of passion he had made another woman his

He led her into the grounds, and then Halbert sought Leonetta. . "Your husband commissioned me."

he said, and Leonetta laid her hand on is arm.

He led her to the grounds as well, and near a rustic seat, half screened from careless eyes by magnificent shrubberv, and then---

"Look!"he said slowly; "do you know who they are?" With haughty paling face Leonetta followed the directio of his eyes.

"One is my husband," she said quietly; "the other—" "The woman he still loves-Helene

some fatal miatake was parted from by the suspender buckle of the other, It seemed at that very instant as if

etta's bosom. The next instant she had drawn a dagger and leaped toward Helene. A wild cry rang out on the night air, startling all the bright assembly.

her poniard uplifted, and then Glendon had leaved between them.

out, for the glittering weapon was buried to the hilt in Glondon Wither's He had saved Helene. He had given his own life to do so.

gathered around, while anxious enquiries flew from lip to lip. He opened his eyes with an effort. "It-it was-it was an accident,"

he said, then lapsed into unconscious-None contradicted the statement-

Then suddenly into the crowd put He looked around till his eyes fell on Leonetta, who fell back, white, and al-

He pointed to the shrinking woman. "It was no accident," he said; "that

"No-not his wife but mine. She

tried to murder me, but failed, and I am here to avenge the attempt. For years my mind has wavered between justice and mercy, but to-day justice cy-even from God that woman deserves following interesting and romantic

The next moment the group in the room was swaying from side to side—shricks and horrified cries, the report of a pistol, another horrified shrick more terrible than the rest, two white arms thrown in the air, a slender form that swayed for a moment, a horrible red stain on the silken bodice of the costly robe, and then beautiful, sinful Leouetta Meredith had fallen forward, shot through the heart by the man who called himself her husband.

In the terrible excitement that followed, the murderer escaped, but months after his claim was proved true. Fer many long weary weeks Glendon Withers hovered between life and death, but by God's providence life was conqueror, and the blessed boon of

health was his again. Then, one quiet morning, he and Helene knelt side by side, and spoke the vows that made them one, and entered upon a life in whose perfect bliss the past was almost forgotten. There was one man conspicuous by

Halbert Astor, whose treacherous hand had worked such woe. But joy had come with renewed faith to Glendon and Helene, and pe haps the trials they had gone through.

Boys and Overcoats.

"Let me tell you," said a Detroit man the other day, "that it's all nonsenses for boys to wrap up the way they do nowadays. Why, when I was a youngster such a thing as a boy's overcoat was never heard of."

"How did the little fellows keep warm in cold weather?" "Exercised, of course. I was raised up north, and in the winter I had a warm jacket and a pair of mittens, and tied my ears up with a woolen comand half maddened by Helene's cold dis- forter. Chest-protectors and insoles and flannel underwear and such were unpulse, and wed a woman he felt by in- known quantities in those days, and it

"And were you never cold?" "You bet I was cold, but I just run community. And the boys in these One evening Leonetta strayed down days had one pair of mittens to a winby a glade that lay below the hotel to ter. If they lost them, they blew on their fingers to keep them warm. If Her beautiful face was unusually pale, they wore out, they patched the seat of and she sat thoughtfully down on a low | the mitten with leather. It makes me grassy mound.
"It is strange," she murmured half aloud, "that this evening, in particular, his more blanch that the sevening in particular, bis mount have the murmured half colled up like a lot of girls and afraid of eatening cold. And that is just how his memory haunts me so persistently!" hey get cold, too. Boys had sore Not strange, had she known the hroats in those days and their grandmothers gargled them with salt and water, and made them hot doses of vinegar and molasses and butter, and they got well the next day. They didn't lie off at a minute's notice because they forgot to put on their arcties.'

And the indignant citizen went off muttering. "Boys in overcoats! Well, I should smile to remember."-- Detroit Free

Can You Do It?

Press.

Last night the cutting winds seemed to blow direct from the Polar regions. Vine street was almost deserted and only a few whose business kept them out were seen walking at a rapid gait o their several places of destination. A reporter was slowly sauntering through the streets in his midnight wanderings with his big ulster buttoned tight around him, and his scalsk n cap pulled down over his ears, when his attention was attracted to a party been out for a night of it. "I bet you \$50," said one of them to a companion, that you cannot drop a nickel from

Halbert Astor, and with pale set face your eye into a funnel five times in succession." The proposition was immediately accepted, when the party stepped into ing of the letter sent him, that she had Billy Gruber's. A funnel was procured, and placed with the small end running down the waist of the gentleman's trousers. A nickel was placed on his left cyclid with the other one closed. Halbert said. "I dare not. It will kill He slowly bowed his head and the nickel fell into the funnel. "Once," cried out the friend with whom the wager had been made. The second time the feat was successfully accomo be made his friend accused him of having an eye open. "No, indeed, I have not," was the reply, but before he had completed this assurance the friend emptied a pitcher of ice water into the

"A bottle of wine, and as much more as they want," said the man as he hastened to the Emery Hotel, whence a messenger was dispatched for dry trousers, etc.-Cin. Com. Gazette.

Some Odd Incidents of Dueling.

One of the most singular features of fucling is that the lives of the combatants have not unfrequently been saved by a ticles carried on the person. The life of Broderi k, of California, was once saved by the ball of his antagonist striking his watch, while we have the oratorios of Handel because the sword of his antagonist broke on his coat button. Two fighting Iri-hmen, McNally and Harrington, once fought, Carleton, his betrothed wife, who by and the bullet of one was turned aside while the second bullet lodged in a paper of ginger nuts in the pocket of the fury of Hades was loosened in Leon-etta's bosom. In the first man. Another Irishman, fighting with Barrington had his life preserved by a brooch which he wore, in which the ball lodged, while Rochefort was spared for years to abuse his political enemies by the accident of Leonetta had grasped Helene's arm, having a 5-franc piece in his vest pocket. But perhaps the most singular result ever know in a duel was that It was a man's erv of agony that rang achieved by two French gentlemen named Pierrot and Arlequin, who at the word fired together, and each succeeded in killing the other's second. "What an escape!" eried a spectator, though the seconds had both fallen dead. But it may be safely affirmed in a moment sympathising friends were that the friends of the seconds did not look on the matter in this accommodating way, and much trouble ensued, though finally the whole affair was dropped, and no further fighting resulted from so unlucky a duel.-The

> Lord Coleridge says that when in this country he was struck by the abchildren and their opinions, allow them to engross the general attention, force social obligations on them, and cut them off from "all the sweet depend-ence of their years." making grown persons of them before English children have left the nursery

A MODERN CRUSOE.

Told to the Marines. A New York contribution to the colhas lowered the scale; and as for mer- umns o the Boston Globe relates the

Romantic Yarn That Should Probably be

A few days ago a man about sixty ears of age, with the appearance of an old farmer, and very taciturn, registered at t e Sinclair House, under the name of Ezra W. Forman, Nomora, Pleiades group, Pacific Ocean. Conversation shows him to be a very inteligent man. He tells a wonderful tale. He says in substance that in the year 1847 the ship Ocmulgee of Wareham was homeward bound with full load, ryworks overboard, and trialis and ers of oil stowed in every top. After eaving Lahaina, S. I., October 7, with 350 barrels of sperm, 3,250 barrels of whale oil, and 41,000 pounds bone, she was never heard from. Forman was post-steerer. He claims he, is the sole survivor, and states that the ship was reeked on Nomora, an island in the Pleiades group, and gives the following

romantic story of the wreck:. "The Occurrence went ashore on No-mora in December, 1847, and all bands were drowned excepting myself Marin the cook, and an Hawaiian sailor named Waince All the oil casks were his absence at the time, and that was stove, and the ship gradually hove over the reef, until finally the survivors could walk : round her at low water.

Through the Hawaiian I was enabled to talk to the chief on the island. explained the uses that might be made of the various articles, and assisted by natives got everything out of the ship, including the bone, and then broke up the ship, saving planks, nails, anchers, chains and whaling gear.

"We were given houses, lands and vives, accepted our position and determined to make the best of it, and except that we were exiles from home and friends, were content and happy. I taught the natives many of the ruder arts, and they prospered greatly. But the natives cared to lose us, and when a ship came n sight hurried us away into the interor until the foreign vessels had passed

"Later my two companions died and was left alone. Surrounded by my children and grandchildren, Lwas finalv acknowledged to be their ruler, and my word was their law. I told them I must go to my friends, but had to swear by their gods that I would return Finally a sandal-wood trader touched here. I embarked in her, was landed in Sidney, and traile my way here after

much trouble and time."

Such is Forman's story. Now comes another remarkable tale. He says the whalebone is in prime condition, and from the time of its wreck to the present day a native has always been on guard over it, and that regularly once a week its position has been shifted to save it from rats and mold. Forman eave that his two companions left number of children who are now big and healthy, and that he has twentynine sons and daughters and s'xty-nine grandehildren. Some Philadelphia nerchants have taken stock in Forman's story, have advanced him \$5,000 worth of goods, chartered a steamer and she will soon leave New York for the Pleiades, to carry out this modern Alexander Selkirk and bring back the bone, estimated to be worth now from

\$150,00 to \$17,000. The story is a romantic one and the appearance of Forman carries truth fith it; but a Nantucket gentleman, to whom the tale has been submitted, who s conversant with whaling matters, loubts it from first to last, and advises he merchants, responsible ones, by the way, to examine Forman and his story ery carefully before accepting its truth. The gentleman who has advised on the matter says there never was a ship Ocumulate of Wareham in the whaling senate during the speech, had the job usiness that was lost. The only shaler of that name was owned in lolines Hole, and sailed repeatedly com that port from 1844 until, in 1865, sac was burned by the Confederate gruiser Alabama. There are also other serious discrepancies in Fo man's state-ment among which is the proportion of land and asked him when he was going whalebone to the proportion of oil ta- to speak to the bill. Considering the ken, and although his yarn is ingeniously twisted, yet it is full of flaws and apt to strand on examination, and the inference is, unless he can reconstruct his story with a new name for the ship

that is acceptable, he is a crank or a time - Washington Post. cheat of the worst sort.

temus Ward and Tom Pepper. Tom Pepper, who is known as "the at the International Hotel, in breathless haste he rushe i away to interview the Ward's room and, knocking, was in-

stantly admitted. "Artemus Ward, I believe!" Artemus signified that the guess was good one. "I am delighted to meet you," cried Tom-"delighted to meet you, sir."

"And I have the pleasure of seeing? and the smiling Ward looked a whole line of interrogation points. "I am-I am-that is my name is" gasped Tom—"my name is. Well, just stopped humming on their account. wait a moment till I think," and Tom Things had teen going on this w ran out of the room and closed the door behind him, leaving Artemus standing in the middle of the floor. After a few moments in the hall Tom

rushed back toward the astonished Ward with extended hand and glowing face, crying: "Pepper, Pepper, sir! I'm Mr. Pepper—Tom Pepper—better known as Lying Tom Pepper." Hingston-Ward's agent-was out at sane man to deal with, Artemus

hour. Mr. Pepper would, and did. When Mr. Hingston came in Artethat a sense of his greatness as a him as he went, but the charmer picked to cause him to forget his own name, it into the gutter with the remark: the genial lecturer declared it was the

paid him. - Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

A Hamilton (Cal.) paper says a Chinaman has devoted the whole summer and fall to gathering horned toads, which are very numerous on the Red Hills, and are as much dreaded as rattlesnakes. Recently he made a shipment of 2,000 of the toads to San sence of childhood. We defer to our Francisco, from which place they will be sent to China. The touds are converted into various kinds of medicines, which sell very high. For the cure of chills and fever they are said to be the finest things known. A toad is placed in a flask of whisky for several weeks, and then the stuff is sold as a tonic.

A War-time Incident.

The following good story on Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, is printed here, says a Washington dispatch to The Cincinnati

Commercial Gazette: "Just about the close of the war, when greenbacks were abundant and entertainments in demand at points where large numbers of troops were stationed, Rev. Dr. Bartlett, who was then lecturing, received a telegram from someone at Cairo, Ill., asking his terms for a lecture. 'Five hundred dollars and expenses,' answered the doctor, hoping to get rid of the annoyance and danger of so long a trip. 'Name your own time: terms satisfactory,' was quickly wired back. So in due season the doctor started to fill his engagement. He was to speak on Friday evening, but owing to several accidents common in those days, he did not reach his destination till late Saturday comed by the chairman of the lecture committee, whom he found to be an enterprising sutler. Apologizing for his non-appearance, he was told that Mon-

day night would do quite as well. His he said he would do quite as well. His preach a samon on Sunday evening. The doctor said he would deliver one of his lectures on the Glory and Shame of Language, appropriate to the occasion. To his astonishment he found Sunday morning that he was advertised in an extra bulletin to deliver his grandest and most eloquent lecture that evening at \$4 per ticket. He expostulated, but in vain. He was told that he must

keep his promise. "Expecting to find a small audience at such a large tariff he was surprised with a crowded house, and four major generals on a front seat. It was all clear gain for the sutler, who had sold tickets ahead for the regular lecture, and used the Sunday-night service to take in the army of contractors, officers, and others then thronging Cairo, who were willing to pay almost any price

for an evening's entertainment. "I hey treated me like a prince," said the doctor, "but I never preached Sunday night before or since where tickets of admission were paid for. The sutler got ahead of me, and came out with several hundred dollars' profit."

Senator Garland's Speech Augustus H. Garland was born in Tennessee in 1832. His looks are not strikingly impressive. His frame tall, well built, compact, surmounted with a well-rounded head; bushy black hair; face clean shaven; his mouth firm set, but pleasant, solemn one moment and twitching the next with some nascent drollery; brown eyes, small frank and you, and as from time to time I have piercing; kindly withal, but changing rapidly from earnest to quizzical; in movement, easy and self-possessed; in debate, clear, cool, fair, driving directly | memories are pleasant to dwell upon, by strong logic to the end in view. The | and the remembrance of the glorious senate does not contain a more uni- men that trod your decks as masters, versal student or a more restless wag. A guilty conscience keeps him always on the lookout for some terrible retaliation, and it is a red-letter day in the

senate when this biter is bit. On one occasion, when an important measure was before the senate, Mr. Garland delivered a careful and exhaustive speech, to which close attention was given. About ten minutes after he had finished, and, metaphorically speaking, "his brow bound with victorious wreaths," Don Cameron went over to the Arkansas Senator's

side of the chamber and said: "Garland, when are you going to speak on this question? I want to hear "Good Lord!" remarked the surprised

senator; "why I just got through. Where were vou?" About five minutes later Mr. Whyte, of Marvland, who had not been in the put up on him, and asked the same question in good faith.

"Why, I just finished. Whyte, consult the Record in the morning. Another five minutes passed, and then Butler, of South Carolina, another source of this last inquiry, the remark was in the nature of an eye-opener, and Mr. Garland tartly replied: "If you have any more of 'em, Butler, bring them on in a body; it saves

Seen Through a Window.

She sat at a window on a public street, and day after day the crowd peerless prevarieator of Nevada," led a who passed saw her at the sewing-ma-Bohemian life here years ago. One chine. The old men mentally remarked day, hearing of Artemus Ward's arrival that she was a perfect lady, and the young men voted her the rival of a June rose. If she had raised her eyes great humorist. He ran at once to to the window she might have met the pitying gaze of various old baldheads and the admiring glances of legions of mashers, but she never did so. Noses were wiped and handkerchiefs waved within a foot of the glass, but she hemmed, and tucked, and gathered, and plaited as if utterly unconscious of

the existence of the outside world. It is probable that 500 men glanced into that window in the course of the day, but the sewing-machine never Things had teen going on this way for months when, only the other day, a widower with a heart full of pity for the unfortunate got himself up regardless of expense and boldly entered the place. The charmer was there alone. With a melting soul he approached the sewing-machine and laid his heart upon it. That is, he coughed, gurgled, stammered, and inquired if she would not prefer to boss a \$15,0 0 brick-house

the moment. Thinking he had an in- rather than to make shirts for 75 cents per day. smiled the most clieerful smile then at his command. He declared he had often heard of Mr. Pepper, and was delighted to meet him. At the most time that the public had never seen displayed lighted to meet him. At the moment | three moles and a bad scar. That eye he was about to change his sock: would which the public had never gazed into Mr. Pepper be kind enough to with-draw and call round again in half an front teeth. She made a grab at a yard-stick and said something about "settling an old duffer's hash pretty inmus had a fearful story to tell about fernally quick," and the widower his adventure with a crazy man broke for out-doors. His sympathizing Afterward, when Ward came to know and palpitating heart was left behind humorist had so overcome poor Tom as | it up and followed after him and heaved "I've just been aching for a chance

greatest compliment that had ever been to break some of your necks, and don't you put your hoofs in here again if you want to see next spring's dandelions. Experiments have recently been made

by the French Government with a new kind of siege gun of prodigious power. It is described as made of steel and nearly thirty feet long, and the tube is municipal suffrage has been granted to steel wire one millimeter, or .039 inch Ontario and Nova Scotia. Municipal in diameter. The weight of this gun suffrage has worked so well in England is fifty tons, and it projects a shell that the British parliament has extendweighing 297 pounds, capable of penetrating armor plates nearly six inches thick at a range of seven and one-half

miles.

Ships of the Past.

In these days of large ships and still larger steamers, it is refreshing to an old sa'lor, or still older shipowner, to recall the grand old ships of thirty-five and even fifty years ago. Compare the sailing ships of to-day with those of years ago, and what do we find? Large and moderately sharp hulls, with square yards and short masis, wire standing riggings, patent anchors, windlass pumps, steering gear, iron water-tank, steam engine, and many other convenient arrangements. Doubtless the march of improvement and the growing necessities of commerce have gradually led up to the present style of vessel. But a.e they an improvement upon the old? I do not find that the average time of passage from and to the East Indies, or round the Horn ports, is lessened. Occasionally there is noticed some rapid passage, but reference to old shipping papers will show the records of passages to or from the identical ports equally quick, such passages having been made by vessels that in these times would be as much a curiosity as the Chinese junks were when I

their voyages, delivering their cargoes in fine order, after which they were ready to load for the return voyage at once. No long and expensive jobs at the end of every passage, in order to put the ship in a seaworthy condition. The good old ship, with her round and easy model, carried a cargo with ease and comfort. No thrashing and straining in a gale of wind or heavy sea; easy to her rigging, she came out of a gale fresh as a daisy, and without a particle of damage to herself or cargo. What does the sailor of to-day know of the beauteous ship of old? The snug little ship of four hundred tons or thereabouts, with a white band picked out with ports, or the bright waist, flush deck fore and aft, broken only by the caboose, long boat, and companion way; the old-fashioned windlass, with working-room on each side of itgood hempen standing rigging, well-taken care of; the old-fashioned wheel and tiller, the big, lower studding sail, with the swinging boom; the com-fortable and serviceable topmast studding sails, and the less useful, but yet graceful and airy, topgallant and royal studding sails, not forgetting the snowy white main skysail, the apex of the whole beautiful creation.

Whole topsails had not then given place to double. Close reefing off either of the caps meant warm work for the crew; but the men kn-w their duties, were sailors, and could tie up the muslin and e happy. Dear old vessels! I know the ending of many of read of the final end of some of your number, I have felt as though some old friend had gone before me. Your mates, and sailors recall also the pleasant days that I have passed on board some of you during voyages to India and China.

At some time in the fut re I may recall my experiences of certain voyages in years long gone. In the c days the telegraph was unknown. Old Parker, upon the observatory on Central wharf, nad a telegraphic code of signals for vessels; but Morse had not electrified the world. Sixty days was the average time of the so-called India mail, so that a voyage to India meant from four to four and a half months' passage out, and an additional two months for the news of your arrival to reach home. Now the Suez canal and the electric wire have changed everything. But, as the world must progress, I must accept all the terrible changes, and comfort myself talking with some old fogy, like myself, of the "good old "--- tos.on Budget.

"Dot Vhas All." "I pelief I vhas shwindled vonce more," he said to the Sergeant at the Central Station yesterday as he was asked to take a chair and report his er-

rand "How 2" two hours ago vhen two strangers vhalk tearing it from the bottom. The in, and one of 'em says to me: "Shake, I haf a bet on you. I know

you vhas a great man to haf confidence in human nature, und I bet \$2, cafen oup, dot you whill lend me feety cent." fore, but if somepody bet \$2 on me I but an attractive appearance. A good doan' like him to lose it, und maype he healthy sponge looks as it comes to the and he seems to be as hearty as ever, also divide what he wins."

"And you let him have it?" "Vhell, I haf some confidence in human nature. He vhalks off mit my feety cent, und my vhife says I vhas der piggest fool in Detroit.' "And what do you want of me?"

"I like to know if you pelief like my vhife?" "Yes, sir, I do! You'll never see your money again." "My son Carl says I petter soak my headt. I like to know if you think dot

vhay?" "I do." "Und my brudder-law says I make a fine lunatic asylum all by myself. Vhas he correct? "He is."

"Vhell, dot vhas all. If I vhas right I get madt und clean oudt der shanty. If I vhas wrong I go home und keep still until my headt vhas soaked enough to lose my confidence in human nature. Dot vhas all-goodday."-Detroit Free Press.

Celebrated Women. Sarah Althea Hill, of the famous law-

suit against Senator Sharon, is of medium height, well developed, with a lithe, trim figure. She gives at first sight the impression of a woman who is abundantly able to take care of herself, and yet the expression of her face and her attitudes are very womanly, as though she lacked confidence and were appealing for support. Her features are regular, her face oval. She is neither blonde or brunette, with dark brown hair, which is allowed to fall in graceful waves over her full, round. forehead. Her most attractive feature are her full, brown eyes. Her nose is clear cut, and her mouth is resolute in the habitual compression of her lips: but this is somewhat belied by a slight droop at the corners, as though an originally fine will had been overlaid by a strain of voluptuousness which weakened and coarsened it. Her whole manner shows nervousness and vitality. Lucy Stone congratulates her sex on the past year's gains for their cause.

Full suffrage for women has been established in Washington territory, and

There are 4,000 Chinese in New York and Brooklyn, seven-eighths of whom are in the laundry business.

ed it to Scotland.

A Lonely Death.

It was here in Detroit at one of the city hospitals that I saw the saddest funeral ceremony I ever witnessed. It was that of a woman who had literally died by inches. Poverty, sorrow, and sickness had been her constant

companions for years, and when at last on a hospital bed she drew her last breath it seemed as if there could be nothing left to feel the pang of dissolution-nothing but skin and bone. She had been well cared for in her last sickness by those who gave their time and service to the work of charity, but it is doubtful if she knew it. Her mind lived in the past, and she murmured in delirium of a happy home, and seemed to be always caressing a

little child. Now she would talk to it in a sweet mother-tongue, using the fond, endearing language of love to call it to her again; she seemed to dread some terrible fate for it, and besought God to save it, even to take it away from the evil to come. Always it was the child that was present with her, so | are comparatively mild. that pain was naught-the child that continually addressed as . "Parliag

or her lips.
This was all there was of the dead woman's history. The pall of a dark past had fallen upon her. It was only known that the child about whom she had raved and prayed was still alive, and somewhere in the city. But so far all search had failed to find her. The brief funeral ceremonies-at the expense of the city, for her's was a pau-

per burial-were held in the large parfor of the hospital. A young clergyman who had just entered upon his work, the assistants of the hospital, the two strangers, were all who were present. The dead woman lay in a highly varnished pine coffin. from which the metal shells were already falling in a shower of tawdry splendor, so imperfectly were they fastened on. Her face member of his family comes to comwas composed and peaceful. Life and death had done their worst-the battle was now over.

In the chill and the silence the voice of the young minister, cultured and tuneful, sounded like a strain of music. All heads bowed as he recited: I am the resurrection and the life.

There was a scream-a wail of heartrending grief-and the service was interrupted, as a woman, young and haggard, rushed into the room and threw herself on the coffin: she was dressed gaily in silk attire. A long feather taken from a recently published society dangled from a gaudy hat-everything novel: "For a whole quarter of an hour about her bespoke death sadder than the young man gazed thoughtfully in the coffin. "Mother mother," she moaned.

why did you you not let me know? Oh, I would have come to you and ing a porous plaster which had been worked my fingers to the bone to save prescribed for her arm. She didn't you! Oh, mother, mother! come back know any other way to take it, and she to me just to say that you forgive me. found its internal application both un-Mother, it is your own little Emmy! comfortable and dangerous.

Do you hear me? It is Emmy! Oh, The plaster model for a h my God! Farm too late! She will nev-er speak to me again!" statue of the late S. S. Stone, of Cleve-

Pitying friends new the frenzied woman away. In a moment she had dashed them aside, and leaning again Lake View Cemetery, which, when finover the dead mother she pressed her ished, will be in the form of a sarcolips once-twice-thrice to the cold phagus. The monument when comips of the dead. Then she clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven, while her lips seemed to be recording a yow. The wintry sun shone out at that moment from the western sky, and sad scene of death in life, and life in death, and the minister resumed the service where he had been interrupted:

I am the resurrection and the life. -Detroit Free Press.

Sponges

One of the sights of the Florida reef devotes his entire time to the business of fishing up the repul-ive objects callhooked or speared, and jerked from its | cue with a sufficient recourse. stronghold upon the bottom. When process, the sponger goes overboard odor is spongy—no other word describes it. When a load of these aromatic flowers of the ocean is secured, they are taken down to Key West, or may be cured on some of the keys. This penalty. Two young trees were by consists of allowing them to remain in | main strength brought together at their the sun until thoroughly decayed, and summits and then fastened together then treating them to repeated rinsings, with cords. The culprit was then until the animal matter is entirely re- brought out and his legs tied with moved. They are then placed in the ropes, which were again carried up and sun to bleach, and in this stage are fixed to the tops of the trees. The cords seen covering the fences in Conchtown. | that forced the trees together were then Later they are subjected to several processes, one of which in some cases the spring the body of the thief was is sanding. This is more common in torn asunder, and thus left to hang dithe toilet sponge from the Mediterra- vided on each separate tree. nean. Shake one and you will find that quite a deposit of fine sand escapes. This was not eaten or absorbed by the sponge when alive, as you might suppose, but is a process by which the weight of the sponge is increased, and, as they sell by the pound, the object is evident.

The tricks that the guileless spongedealer is not up to are not worth chronicling. Some time ago a young man was sent to a sponge locality to buy sponges for a firm who was going to manufacture a new article that required large quantities, and it was found that the young man paid as much for water and coral rock as he did for sponge.

Better-sponges are found in the Bahamas than on the Florida reef, and the business, though in the hands of a few, is a valuable one. The majority of people have rather peculiar ideas regarding the sponge. Some think it an I am reminded involuntarily of the insect, others a plant. It is, however, a simple animal, composed of many cells, that are arranged in three layers, the middle one secreting the lime or silex, as the case may be, that goes to form the skeleton of the animal. -Florida Cor. - Cincinnati Enquirer. The camel has twice the carrying

power of an ox. With an ordinary

load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve

to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. They are fit to

GI. ANINGS.

The Standard Oil Company employs

93,000 men. Six of the prominent hotel-keepers of New York are widowers.

Froude, the historian, thinks of making a journey around the world. Germany is beginning to grumble at the enormous expense of the standing

army. The funniest thing about Mark Twain's new lecture is the receipts at

the box office. The deficit of the last World's Exposition, held at Paris, was upward of \$6,000,000, and that of Vienna, in 1873,

was over \$9,000,000. Wooden shoes, of the old Dutch type, are now made at Danbury, Conn. They are of butternus, and while impervious

to water are very light. In Southern Alaska rain falls during three days of the week. The other four days are damp and foggy. The winters

Sir John A. MacDonald, Prime Minister of Canadia predicts that the Can-ada Pacific Railroad will be completed to the Pacific Ocean by October, 1886. A malicious scribe started the story that a daughter of Emma Abbott is to

be married shortly. As if Emma were old enough to have a marriageable daughter. Large numbers of dried and smoked lizards are imported by the Chinese physicians, which are used in cases of consumption and anæmia with consid-

erable success. The beginning of the Christian era is not so very remote, after all. Theodore undertaker, hat in hand, and one or Parker once said that eighteen old men touching each other's hands carried us

back to Chri-t. "Do nothing; say nothing; time will put everything to rights," is Emperor William's invariable answer when one plain of another. There is a cat in Philadelphia which

opinion of the Call there is a good deal of human nature in cats. A party of beaver hunters sent two large beavers to Griffin, Ga., where they were exposed on sale at the butcher shops, the meat being regarded by

gets up its back, claws, and spits every

time it hears "Sweet Violets." In the

experienced epicures as very fine. The following thrilling sentence is the flame of the extinguished candle." An Italian woman in New York celebrated the day before Christmas by eat-

The plaster model for a heroic-sized land. Ohio, has been completed. statue will be of granite. It will surmount a monument now being built in plete will be twenty-five feet in height.

The Yukon River, in Alaska, is so long, says Lieutenant Schwatka, that if its source were at Salt Lake its watouched with golden finger the sad, ters might empty into New York Bay, and its mouth is so wide that New York would be one side and Philadelphia on the other. Alaska has a coast line greater than that of all the rest of the United States, adding together the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific seaboards.

A chemist of Munich has invented a process whereby a white powder, which has all the properties of quinine, may is the sponger. He is generally a be produced from coal. Italways hapconch from Conchtown, Key West, and pens this way. Just about the time product of nature becomes so essential that apprehension is excited lest the ed sponges. This is done chiefly with hooks or spears, the boat drifting along until a sponge is sighted, when it is calculated apprenentation is excited less the natural supply may fail, or its price become so high that the poorer man can not buy it, somebody comes to the res-

We heard the other day of a belligerthe water is too deep for the hooking ent gander in the flock of J. F. Stephens, Carroll County, which met with a "Vhell, I vhas in my blace apoudt and dives to the sponge, by main force singular accident three weeks ago. Making fight at a heifer in the lot he sponges taken from this section are not seized her by the forehead, when the the delicate toilet sponges, being a dif- heifer, by a dexterous turn of a horn, ferent grade, and only used for coarse struck the gander's neck and cut out work. They grow to a large size, some the windpipe, leaving it hanging down measuring three feet across and two like a snout. The old gander's wound "Vhell, I dunno. I nefer see him pe- high, and when active present anything healed over with the windpipe still hanging out, through which he breathes, surface like a great beef's liver, and the though not as belligerent as before.

Newman (Ga.) Herald. In Persia, long ago, they had a cheerful and effectual manner of punishing criminals. For stealing, death was the cut, and by the elasticity and power of

The carpet-making business is very extensive in Philadelphia. There are 170 establishments, and their average annual output is 22,000,000 yards. They give employment to 8,500 hands. Ten years ago the price of the best ingrain carpets at the factory ruled at \$1.05 per yard, shading off into the lower grades. On the day preceding the recent strike the price was from 55 to 60 cents at the factory. These are the prices fixed by the manufacturers who sell to the retail trade. The prices to jobbers. of course, are lower. Most of these factories are now idle.

Sarah Bernhardt never had the fur of her sealskin jacket rubbed the wrong way so unmercifully as at the critical hands of Ivan Turgueneff. In that famous Russian novelist's correspondence, recently published at St. Petersburg, there was found the following: "Whenever I think of Sarah Bernhard toad. Why did God give to both these creatures an adorable and poetical voice?" In another lecture he calls her an "ugly mouther and posturer," "s cold grimacer—pourrie de chic—whom nature has provided with an adorable voice while refusing her all other gifts by some incomprehensible caprice. In Sweden young girls place under

three separate cups a ring, a coin and a piece of black ribbon. If the ring is first accidentally exposed she will be work at five years old, but their married within the year; if the money, strength begins to decline at twentyfive, although they live usually until

she will get a rich husband; if the ribbon, she will die an old maid. It is a strengthened with ten coils of plated unmarried women and widows of forty. They are often fattened at thirty for the butcher, the flesh tasting like girls in Russia to conceal their finger beef. The Tartars have herds of these rings in small heaps of corn on the animals, often 1,000 belonging to one floor. A hen is brought in, which at family. The Timbuctoo breed is remarkable for speed and used only for of grain. The owner of the first ring couriers, going 800 miles in eight days exposed to view will, according to popwith a meal of dates or grain at night ular belief, be married before her companions in the experiment.